TRYING TO PLEASE EVERYBODY.

"I wish you would turn me some other way," The weather-vane said to the wind one day; "I am turned to the north, and the people complain

That the wind is cold, that it brings no rain."

"Very well," said the wind, "to the south you shall go; From the opposite corner my breezes shall

The cold of the north shall give place to the balm That comes from the region of cane and of

"What say they?" was heard, as the wind returned: "They say they are melted and boiled and

burned. For the sun is so hot and the air so dry

They can scarcely lift to my height their eye."

"Then I'll give them a change-I will blow from the east, And see if their comfort is thereby in-

creased. A breeze from that quarter so piercing I'll

sweep That they cannot complain of languor or sleep.'

"Well, what do they say?" said the wind once more;

"Oh, dear, it is worse than it was before; For they all have colds, and they frown at

As if I the cause of the wind could be!"

"For a final resort, the west we will try." The wind muttered, mounting again on high;

"But I warn you, my dear, that it will not be strange If nothing encouraging follows the change."

"What now?" said the wind, appearing again, And noting the face of the dubious vane; "Why they think all our plans are entirely

wrong, or the sea is too high, and the wind is too strong.

en," said the wind, coming round

ion't see that we can adjust. tell you, and we shall

ve suited before."

TUDE.

BY EDITH M. NORRIS. "Buy a flower, sir! Please buy a

flower! which uttered these words in a crowded per hour. She dare not wait there for street of the great city. The person addressed passed by without a glance, but a bearty-looking farmer, who had come to household, would be watched. She the city for the first time in many years, looked pityingly at the slight figure of the little girl.

She was not more than eight years old. Her lovely dark eyes looked out from her pale, thin face with sorrowful appeal in she travel the four miles of field and she drew closer the thin, ragged shawl which covered her untidy black hair. Her wretched, broken shoes were sodden with the half-melted snow which the trampling of many feet had transmuted from its pristine beauty into icy slush. She had in one skinny little hand a few flowers, which were, to say the truth,

almost faded. "Look there, mother! look there! Poor little lass! Why, mother, just fancy our lost Hetty with a look like that on her little face-instead of the baby smile she wore in her last sleep. She'd have a fat and rosy.

her motherly eyes filled with tears.

"Father," she said, "can't we do something for her."

The child was walking along slowly before them, offering her flowers to this of that passer-by, but never selling any. They hastened their steps a little in order to come up with her, and when they did so Mrs. Miller addressed her in gentle

"Are you not cold and tired, my child?"

She looked up, a rain of great tears running down her thin checks. "Oh, I am so hungry!" she said, "and

if I don't sell these flowers they will beat me, as they did yesterday!" She sobbed in a subdued manner as though afraid lest somebody should hear her. "Whip you! who would do that, my

mother?"

and Nina who are bad to me."

Approaching at this moment a humble but respectable eating-house, Mr. Miller entered, and ordered a comfortable meal for the half-famished child. While Mrs. Miller sat near her, and saw that she had all she needed, Mr. Miller, by the advice of the restaurant proprietor, went to police headquarters to ascertain how he might obtain legal possession of the girl, whom he had determined to adopt.

A couple of officers were sent in search of the Italian, whom they found belaboring, with a stout stick, one of his wretched little white slaves. He was taken to the station, and on hearing the evidence of the officers, the magistrate committed him for trial, and consigned his innocent her long, enforced use of the injured victims to the care of various charitable institutions. He advised Mr. Miller to take Carmen, for that was her name, with him, and leave instructions with a lawyer he found that she was irreparably lame. to obtain the papers necessary for her adoption.

Carmen, properly washed and clad, with her black hair cut close to her shapely head, was a very different looking object to the little ragged waif of the day before. As she sat in the warm car that was bearing her rapidly from the scene of her misery, her little heart was too full for words; though she now and then raised her dark eyes, full of grateful tears, to the faces of her kind benefac-

tors. In a few days she had made friends with every animal on the place; and good food and milk, and warmth, had begun to fill the hollow cheeks and clothe the slender limbs with a little of

the charm of childhood. She watched Mrs. Miller, and hung round her when at work, for opportunities to help her. She followed the farmer to the barn, fed the chickens, brought his pipe and slippers; in short, the deed of charity had brought its own the Speaker. He is a sturdy young genreward. Never had parents a more grateful child; she filled the old house with sunshine.

as they preferred to call her, was a tall girl of cleven, when Mr. Miller, through the prevailing scarcity of help, found from the farmers.

"Father," said Mrs. Miller, "I don't like the looks of those men—I don't like to have them around."

"Well, ma," said the worthy farmer, "I can't say but what I'd a little ruther hev' good American boys myself; but I guess they'll be all right, as fur as hayin' goes, 'n' that's all we want of 'em."

Carry was used to take a special lunch to her father in the afternoon, and generally sat by him while he ate it, and then returned to the house. She, too, was half afraid of her swarty, dark browed countrymen; she was as happy as girl could be, but she had not forgot ten the treatment received at the hands of Beppo and Nina.

Returning from her errand one day, she was on her way to the village to spend a night with her dearest school friend, when she slipped on the crossing stones of a little brook, and injured her ankle; she thought it was sprined, and bound it tightly with her handkerchief. but it pained her so acutely that before she had crossed the next field she was bound to sit down on the grass beneath the stone fence. For a few moments she must have lost consciousness, and as her senses returned she heard voices on the other side of the wall. At first she did not notice them, but gradually her attention was claimed. They were speaking in Italian, and her heart sank cold within her as she heard a villianous plot unfolded-nothing less than the murder and robbery of her adopted father.

It had become known in some way to the Italians that he had received a large sum of money the day before, and he had not taken it to the bank as yet, being anxious to get his hay under cover.

Their plans were laid with an accuracy that left no doubt as to their success, and they intended to execute them that very night. Indeed they had chosen it, because Isaacs, the regular hired man had been called home to a distant village by the death of his mother. They would poison the dogs (Major and Tiger) and entering a ground-floor window, stab the farmer, and secure the plunder, -agreeing, if it were necessary, to also kill "the old woman and the girl".

Carmen sat pertified with horror. Her heart almost ceased to beat, with sickening fear. What should she do? she dared not stir, least they should see her; and the rustling of every leaf seemed fraught with danger, so tensely were her nerves strung. It was four miles to the village. whence she could get plenty of assistance; and it was a mile and a half to the nearest house, but there, she knew, was only a feeble old man. Would they never go It was a plaintive and musical voice It was already growing near to the supher father, and tell him; she knew that his every movement, and those of his would not be missed from the house, and indeed was not expected home. Clearly, she was the one to save him; but how could she do it? Her foot was agonizingly painful, sitting there, how could their great depths, and she shivered as road that lay between her and the village. There was no hope of meeting anybody, for they had been expecting rain through the afternoon, and all the farmers were as anxious about their hay as was her father.

"I must save them!" she said to herself, "I will ask God to help me!" and great beads of agony bedewed her forehead. Would they never, never go? Each moment she dreaded to feel their clutches; if she were discovered, all was indeed over!

At last they arose, and went their way, happily, not looking over the wall. She look of Hetty, too, if her face was only waited till they were out of sight, and then she too arose. Poor child! that Mrs. Miller looked at the child, and one effort made her sick and faint. But a great wave of gratitude and love surged above the fear and pain, and filled her young bosom with the fortitude of a martyr.

Sometimes running wildly for a few steps, then crawling on hands and knees, hopping now on one foot by the fences, then swinging herself along by means of an improvised leaping pole-always in horrible pain, she at length gained her journey's end. She had been almost three hours in reaching the village, and dropped half fainting at the first thresh-

In a few moments, she had told her story, and the good man of the house took instant measurss to notify the authorities. In a short time the sheriff, with twenty or thirty men or boys, was on his way to Mr. Miller's farm. The poor child?-not your father and time was short, for the good people retire at an early hour, and it was now long "I have no father or mother; I live past eight. They took every available with Beppo, the padrone, and it is he vehicle, and the tag-rag and bobtail followed on foot.

They were in time, however, and so well was the place surrounded that they captured the three Italians, and woke the farmer from his first sound sleep, to his no little astonishment.

They found the dogs, poisoned, under the barn, where they had crept in their death agonies.

But let us return to our little heroine. The doctor had been attending to the allevation of her suffering while all this was going on. He found it impossible to ascertain what injury her foot had received until he could reduce the swelling and inflammation, which, it is needless to say, had been greatly aggravated by member. At one time he feared that amputation would be necessary, and when the inflammation at last subsided Some of the small bones about the ankle

Mr. Miller sat by her bedside on the morning after the event, holding her little hot hand in his; the tears were rolling down his honest face.

had been broken, and would not reknit.

"Ah, Carry," he said, "not many young things would have done what you

have, my brave, unselfish girl!" "Dear papa, I am glad that God gave me strength to pay a little of the debt of gratitude I owe you and dear mamma,' she said, with a faint, sweet smile .-

The Youngest Man in Congress.

The youngest man in the House is the Hon, Charles H. Turner, of New York city. He is the iceman elected to fill the vacancy in the Sixth District last fall. Visitors to the Capitol always express a desire to have him pointed out to them. He occupies a front seat on the right of tleman, with brown hair and a round, roseate face. He is studious, and watches the proceedings of the House with ap-Three years passed away, and Carry, parent interest. He has not only driven an ice wagon, washed cars on the elevated road, acted as an usher in a theatre, and been a book agent, but he has been himself obliged to hire some Italian la- student at Columbia College, and ofborers who were seeking employment ficiated as a tutor. Mr. Turner is twentyeight years old .- New York Sun. .

America's Most Northern Habitation. In his recent interesting account of a

cruise with Arctic whalemen, under the title, "Arctic Alaska and Siberia," Herbert L. Aldrich gives a striking description of the most northern habitation on the American continent. Most readers are familiar with descriptions of the interior of Alaska dwellings, but Mr. Alddrich's pen picture is fuller than usual. and has the additional interest of portraying the furthest foothold of humanity among the snows and ice of the Arctic regions. The igalou or habitation which Mr. Aldrich has photographed and pictured is situated on Point Barrow, the northernmost spur of the Alaskan coast. After touching on the desolate situation and squalid appearance of the native set-

tlement, Mr. Aldrich says: "Finding one large igaloo that was dry, I took the liberty to drop down through the window into it. This was the most northern habitation on the continent which added to my desire to see it. The roof was high, so that I could stand erect. Across the north end of the room was a platform, raised about a yard from the floor and extending out from the wall five feet. A bundle of deerskins neatly rolled up lay on it; underneath were a box and one or two household utensils. Close to the wall on the south side was an oval hole in the floor large enough for one not very corpulent to crawl through; this led to the entrance proper. A few cooking and other utensils stood in a corner near by; in the other corner was a small blubber oil 'stove.' On each side of the room was another of these stoves. Each was made of a piece of three-inch plank, probably wreckage. The first one was about eighteen inches long, the second about two feet and the third three feet. They were hollowed out to a depth, of an inch and a half and raised slightly from the floor. There were no moss on them to serve as a wick nor oil in them, but a piece of well smoked blubber hung nearly two feet above each, indicating

that they had seen service. "The walls were of smooth boards closely held together and the floor was a good one. Everything was as scrupulously neat, clean and orderly as any housekeeper could wish for. The three lamps were thickly coated with grease, but that could not be otherwise. Every article seemed to have its own place and be in it, three or four racks on the walls containing many of the smaller articles. The size of this igaloo was twelve by fourteen feet. Outside, opposite the en trance, was the usual staging or scaffold, on which were some whalebone, perhaps fifty pounds, deerskins, a bear and other skins, two dead seals and other valuables. Evidentiy the owner of the place was ir good circumstances."

A Boy Suffers for a Dog's Theft.

A shaggy and valuable Newfoundland dog is the household pet in the family of John Jones, a mason, who lives in Brooklyn. This animal was the innocent cause of the arrest and arraignment before Justice Kenna in the Gates Avenue Police Court, of Edward Cook, a bright lad of thirteen years, who has been employed for several months past in the bakery of Charles Hillman. The little fellow was arrested for stealing Mrs. Jones's pocketbook. The dog was the thief, and only by accident was the innocence of the lad established.

Edward delivered several loaves o bread to Mr. Jones's family every day, When he went to the house on Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Jones who usually received the bread, was absent, and he left the order on the dining room table and returned to the bakery. Mrs. Jones subsequently came down from an upper room and missed her pocketbook, that contained \$45, and which she was positive was lying on the table when she went up stairs. She immediately suspected the boy and caused his arrest. He asserted his innocence in the most positive language, but was locked up. The police searched the lad, but found no evidence of the theft on him, and the baker made a search of the bake house. When Mrs. Jones returned home she

made another search of her rooms for the missing wallet, but could not find it. While she was engaged in the search the favorite pet dog lay stretched before the fireplace. The dog was allowed to roam about the house at will. His kennel was in the yard, and every night it was the custom of some one of the family to prepare the dog's bed there. Mrs. Jones went to the kennel at dusk and there found the missing pocketbook. It lay in the middle of the kennel and the teeth marks of her dog in the leather convinced her that he, and not young Cook, had committed the theft. She found the money intact and hurried to the station house, but the police could not release Edward except on an order from a magistrate or a bail bond. After another hour's confinement the lad secured his liberty and yesterday morning was honorably discharged from custody. Had the property not been found the boy might have spent many days in jail awaiting the disposition of the charge against him .- New York Herald.

A Peculiarity of Ministers.

Among the peculiarities of ministers there exists one habit that is common with most of them when preaching to their congregations. I have never known but one exception, remarks an observer of this habit.

The minister names his text, facing the audience directly in front of him, as he should do. But as soon as he begins his address and warms up with his subject he turns about, generally to his left, and talks almost exclusively to but onethird of the congregation, the largest portion of his audience being unable to

hear more than an empty sound. If the sermon is intended for all present, the preacher should give all an equal chance to see his face and to hear his words. On a recent Sunday evening when there was an immense congregation in one of our largest churches, the galcries were about equally filled with young women and young men who were presumably equally interested in the sermon; but not a word was spoken to women. It was all "young man, young man," and mostly in but one gallery at that! Do not young women-especially those who have to earn their daily bread by hard toil amid great discouragement -need encouragement, advice and sympathy, as much as young men? Young women are as easily led into temptation as young men, and need as helpful words. There is often greater heroism among women than among men in bearing heavy burdens alone when they should have every consolation and help the pulpit can offer .- Detroit Free Press.

A. canal as talked of in France to ge right through from Havre to Marseilles. REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "What Is in a Name?" (Preached in Queenstown, Ireland.)

TEXT: "A name which is above every name."—Philippians ii., 9.

on my way from the Holy Land, and while I wait for the steamer to resume her voyage to America, I preach to you from this text, which was one of Paul's rapturous and enthusiastic descriptions of the name of Jesus. By common proverb we have come to believe that there is nothing in a name, and so proverts expertings present their chiland so parents sometimes present their chil-dren for baptism regardless of the title given them, and not thinking that that particular them, and not uninking that that particular title will be either a hindrance or a help. Strange mistake. You have no right to give to your child a name that is lacking either in euphony or in moral meaning. It is a sin for you to call your child Jehoiakim or Tiglath-Pileser. Because you yourself may have an exasperating name is no reason why you should give it to those who come after you. But how often we have seen some name, But how often we have seen some name, filled with jargon, rattling down from generation to generation, simply because someone along while ago happened to be afflicted with it. Institutions and enterprises have sometimes without sufficient deliberation taken their nomenclature. Mighty destinies have been decided by the significance of a name. There are men who all their life long toil and tussle to get over the influence of some unfortunate name. While we may, through right behavior and Christian demeanor, outlive the fact that we were bapmeanor, outlive the fact that we were bap-tized by the name of a despot, or an infidel, or a cheat, how much better it would have been if we all could have started life without been if we all could have started his winder any such incumbrance. When I find the apostle, in my text and in other parts of his writing, breaking out in ascriptions of ad-miration in regard to the name of Jesus, I want to inquire what are some of the characteristics of that appellation. And O that the Saviour Himself, while I speak, might fill me with His own presence, for we never can tell to others that which we have not ourselves felt. First, this name of Jesus is an easy name.

First, this name of Jesus is an easy name. Sometimes we are introduced to people whose name is so long and unpronounceable that we have sharply to listen, and to hear the name given to us two or three times, before we venture to speak it. But within the first two years the little child clasps its hands, and looks up, and says "Jesus." Can it be, amid all the families represented here to-day, there is one household where the little ones speak of "father," and "mother," and "brother," and "sister," and not of "the name which is above every name?" Sometimes we forget the titles of our very best times we forget the titles of our very best friends, and we have to pause and think be-fore we can recall the name. But can you imagine any freak of intellect in which you could forget the Saviour's designation? That word "Jesus" seems to fit the tongue in every dialect. When the voice in old age gets feeble and tremulous, and indistinct, still this regal word has potent utterance:

Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That heaven and earth might hear.

Still further, I remark it is a beautiful ame. You have noticed that it is impossiname. You have noticed that it is impossible to dissociate a name from the person who has the name. So there are names to me that are repulsive—I do not want to hear them at all—while those very names are attractive to you. Why the difference? It is because I happen to know persons by those names who are cross, and sour, and snappish, and queer, while the persons you used to know by those names were pleasant and attractive. As we cannot dissociate a name from the person who holds the name, that tractive. As we cannot dissociate a name from the person who holds the name, that consideration makes Christ's name so unspeakably beautiful. No sooner is it pronounced in your presence than you think
of Bethlehem, and Gethsemane, and Golgotha, and you see the loving face, and hear
the tender voice, and feel the gentle touch.
You see Jesus, the one who, though banquetting with heavenly hierarchs, came
down to breakfast on the fish that rough
men had just hauled out of Genessaret;
Jesus, the one who, though the clouds are
the dust of His feet, walked footsore on to
the road to Emmaus. Just as soon as that speakably beautiful. No sooner is it prothe dust of His feet, walked footsore on to the road to Emmaus. Just as soon as that name is pronounced in your presence you think of how the shining one gave back the centurion's daughter, and how He helped the blind man to the sunlight, and how He made the cripple's crutches ussless, and how He looked down into the babe's laughing eyes, and as the little one struggled to go to Him, flung out His arms around it and impressed a flung out His arms around it and impressed a loving kiss on its brow, and said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Beautiful name— It stands for love, for patience, for kindness, for forbearance, for for magnanimity. It is aromatic with all odors and accordant with all harmonies. Sometimes I see that name, and the letters seem to be made out of tears, and then again they look like gleaming crowns. Sometimes they seem to me as though twisted out of the straw on which He lay, and then as the straw on which He lay, and then as though built out of the thrones on which His people shall reign. Sometimes I sound that word "Jesus," and I hear coming through the two syllal-les the sigh of Gethsemane and the groan of Calvary; and again I sound it, and it is all a-ripple with gladness and a-ring with hosanna. Take all the glories of book with hosanna. Take all the glories of book bindery and put them around the page where that name is printed. On Christmas morning wreathe it on the wall.

Let it drip from harp's string and thunder that of the continuous dispasson. Sound it often, which organ's diapason.

out in organ's diapason. Sound it often, sound it well, until every star shall seem to shine it, and every flower shall seem to breathe it, and mountain and sea, and day night, and earth and heaven acclaim in full chant: "Blessed be His glorious name forever. The name that is above every name."

Jesus, the name high over all, In heaven and earth aud sky.

To the repenting soul, to the exhausted invalid, to the Sunday-school girl, to the snow white octogenarian, it is beautiful. The old man comes in from a long walk, and trem-blingly opens the doors, and hangs his hat on the old nail, and sets his cane in the usual corner, and lies down on a couch, and says to his children and grandchildren: "My dears, I am going to leave you." They say: "Why, where are you going, grandfather?" "I am going to Jesus." And so the old man faints away into heaven. The little child comes in from play and throws her-self on your lap, and says: "Mamma, I am so sick, I am so sick." And I am so sick, I am so sick." And you put her to bed, and the fever is worse you put her to bed, and the fever is worse and worse, until in some midnight she looks up into your face and says: "Mamma, kiss me good-by, I am going away from you." And you say: "My dear, where are you going to?" And she says: "I am going to Jesus." And the red cheek which you thought was the mark of the fever, only turns out to be the carnation bloom of heaven! Oh, yes, it is a sweet name spoken by the lips of childhood, spoken by the old man.

Still further: it is a mighty name. Rothe-Still further: it is a mighty name. Roths child is a potent name in the commercial world, Cuvier in the scientific world, Irving

powerful name in the literary world, Wa ington an influential name in the political world, Wellington a mighty name in the military world; but tell me any name in all the tary world; but tell ms any nams in an the earth so potent to awe, and lift, and thri, and rouse, and agitate, and bloss, as this name of Jesus. That on word unhorsed Saul, and flung Newton on his face on ship's deck, and to-day holds 400,000,000 of the race with omnipotent spell. That name in England to-day means more than Victoria; in Germany, means more than Emperor William; in France many more than Carnet William; in France, means more than Carnot; in Italy, means more than Humbert of the present or Garibaldi of the past. I have seen a man ound hand and foot in sin, Satan his hard bound hand and too hand a state which no human power could deliver him, and yet at the pronunciation of that one word he dashed down his chains and marched out forever free. I have seen a man overwhelmed with disaster, the last hope fled, the last light gone out; that name pronounced in his hearing, the sea dropped, the clouds scattered, and a sunburst of eternal gladness poured into his sunburst of eternal gladnass poured into his soul. I have seen a man hardened in infidelity, defiant of God, fuli of scoff and jeer, jocose of the judgment, reckless of an unending eternity, at the mere pronunciation of that name blanch, and cower, and quake, and pray, and sob, and groan, and believe, and rejoice. O it is a mighty name! At its utterance the last wall of sin will fall, the last temple of superstation crumble, the last last temple of superstition crumble, the juggernaut of cruelty crash to pieces. That name will first make all the earth tremble, and then it will make all the nations sing. It is to be the password at every gate of honor, the insignia on every flag, the battle shout in every conflict. All the millions of the earth are to know it. The red horse of carnage seen in apocalyptic vision, and the black horse of death, are to fall back on their hunches, and the white horse of gridner will be forth.

mounted by Him who nath the moon under His feet, and the stars of heaven for His tiara. Other dominions seem to be giving out; this seems to be enlarging. Spain has had to give up much of its dominion. Austria has been wonderfully deploted in power. France had to surrender some of her favorite provinces. Most of the thrones of the world are being lowered, and most of the sceptres of the world are being shortened; but every Bible printed, every tract distributed, every Sunday-school class taught, every school founded, every church established, is extending the power of Christ's name. That name has already been spoken under the Chinese wall, and in Siberian snow castle, in Brazilian grove and in eastern pagoda. That name is to swallow up all other names. That crown is to cover up all other crowns. That empire is to absorb all other dominations. are being shortened; but every Bible printed

absorb all other dominations.

All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fall.

Returning justice lift aloft her scale;

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend.

And white robed innocence from heaven descend.

Still further: it is an enduring name. You clamber over the fence of the graveyard and pull away the weeds, and you see the faded inscription on the tombstone. That was the Inscription on the tombstone. That was the name of a man who once ruled all that town. The mightiest names of the world have either perished or are perishing. Gregory VI., Sancho of Spain, Conrad I. of Germany, Richard I. of England, Louis XVI. of France, Catharine of Russia—mighty names once, that made the world tremble; but now, none so poor as to do them reverence, and to the great mass of the people they mean absolutely nothing; the people they mean absolutely nothing; they never heard of them. But the name of Christ is to endure forever. It will be perpetuated in art, for there will be other Bel linis to depict the Madonna; there will be other Ghirlandjos to represent Christ's baptism; there will be other Bronzinos to show us Christ visiting the spirits in prison; other Giottos to appall our sight with the crucifix.

ion. The name will be preserved in song, for there will be other Alexander Popes to write the "Mescrich" than the Christian or portrary. there will be other Alexander Popes to write the "Messiah," other Dr. Youngs to portray His triumph, other Cowpers to sing His love. It will be preserved in costly and magnificent architecture, for Protestantism as well as Catholicism is yet to have its St. Marks and its St. Peters. That name will be preserved in the literature of the world, for already it is embalmed in the best books, and there will be other Dr. Paleys to write the "Evidences of Christianity," and other Richard Baxters to describe the Saviour's coming to judg-ment. But above all, and more than all, that ment. But above all, and more than all, that name will be embalmed in the memory of all the good of earth and all the great ones of heaven. Will the delivered bondman of earth ever forget who freed him? Will the blind man of earth forget who gave him

sight? Will the outcast of earth forget who brought him home? No! No! To destroy the memory of that name of Christ, you would have to burn up all the Bibles and all the churches on earth, and then in a spirit of universal arson go through the gate of heaven, and put a torch to the temples and the towers and the palaces, and after all that city was wrapped in awful conflagration, and the citizens came out and gazed on the ruin-even then, they would hear that name in the thunder of falling tower and the crash of crumbling wall, and see it inwrought in the flying banners of flame, and the redeemed of the Lord on high would be happy yet and cry out: "Let the palaces and the temples burn, we have Jesus lett!" "Blessed be His glorious name for ever and ever. The name glorious name for ever and ever. The name that is above every name."

Have you ever made up your mind by what name you will call Christ when you meet Him in heaven? You know He has many names.

in heaven? You know He has many names. Will you call Him Jesus, or the Annointed One, or the Messiah, or will you take some of the symbolical names which on earth you earned from your Bible?

Wandering some day in the garden of God on high, the place a-bloom with eternal springtide, infinite luxuriance of rose, and lily, and amaranth, you may look up into His face and say: "My Lord, Thou art the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley." and the lily of the valley."

Some day, as a soul comes up from earth to take its place in the firmament, and shine

as a star for ever and ever, and the lustre of a useful life shall beam forth tremulous and beautiful, you may look up into the face of Christ and say: "My Lord, Thou arta brighter star—the morning star—a star forever."
Wandering some day amid the fountains
of life that toss in the sunlight and fall in crash of peal and amethyst in golden and crystaline urn, and you wander up the round banked river to where it first tingles its silver on the rock, and out of the chalices of love

you drink to honor and everlasting joy, you may look up into the face of Christ and say: "My Lord, Thou art the fountain of living Some day, wandering amid the lambs and Some day, wandering amid the lambs and sheep in the heavenly pastures, feeding by the rock, rejoicing in the presence of Him who brought you out of the wolfish wilderness to the sheepfold above, you may look up into His loving and watchful eye and say: "My Lord, Thou art the shepherd of the everlasting hills."

But there is another warme you may also.

But there is another name you may select. I will imagine that heaven is done. Every throne has its King. Every harp has its throne has its King. Every harp has its harper. Heaven has gathered up everything that is worth having. The treasures of the whole universe have poured into it. The song tull. The ranks full. The mansions full. Heaven full. The sun shall set afire with splendor the domes of the temples, and burnish the golden streets into a blaze, and be resulted as the state of the state of the tracket. flected back from the solid pearl of the twelve gates, and it shall be noon in heaven, noon on the river, noon on the hills, noon in all the valleys—high noon. Then the soul may look up, gradually accustoming itself to the vision. shading the eyes as from the almost insuffera-ble splendor of the noonday light, until the vision can endure it, then crying out: "Thou

At this point I am staggered with the thought that notwithstanding all the charm in the name of Jesus, and the fact that it is so easy a name, and so beautiful a name, and so potent a name, and so enduring a name, there are people who find no charm in those two syllables. O come this day and see whether there is anything in Jesus. I chalwhether there is anything in Jesus. I chal-lenge those of you who are farther from God to come at the close of this service and test with me whether God is good, and Christ is gracious, and the Holy Spirit is omnipotent. I challenge you to come and kneel down with me at the altar of mercy. I will kneel on one side of the altar and you kneel on the other side of it, and neither of us will raise up until our sins are forgiven, and we ascribe, in the words of the text, all honor to the name of Jesus-you pronouncing it, I pronouncing it—the name that is above

every name.

His worth if all the nations knew.
Sure the whole earth would love Him too. O that God to-day, by the power of His holy spirit, would roll over you a vision of that blessed Christ, and you would begin to weep and pray and believe and rejoice. You have heard of the warrior who went out to fight against Christ. He knew he was in the rong, and while waging the war against the wrong, and while waging the war against the kingdom of Christ, an arrow struck him and he fell. It pierced him in the heart, and lying there, his face to the sun, his life blood running away, he caught a handful of the blood that was rushing out in his right hand, and held it up before the sun and cried out:

"O Jesus, Thou hast conquered!" And if today the arrow of God's spirit piercing your soul, you felt the truth of what I have been trying to proclaim, you would surrender now and forever to the Lord who bought you. Glorious name! I know not whether you will accept it or not; but I will tell you one thing here and now, in the presence of angels and men, I take Him to be my Lord, my God, my pardon, my peace, my life, my joy, my salvation, my heaven! "Blessed be His glorious name forever. The name that is above every name." "Hallelujah! u ito Him that sitted upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen and amen and amen.

QUEENSLAND, Australia, lays claim to the greatest and richest gold mine in the world. It is called Mt. Morgan, and will this year pay to its owners not less than \$6,000,000, with the promise of a great increase when more completely developed. The gold obtained from it assays 99.3 pure, a test which is believed to be without parallel. The original owner of this property bought it for a shilling an acre and sold it at about one pound sterling per acre, or in all for about \$3,000. It is now valued, judging by the price of the company's shares, at \$50,000,000.

Ir is said that one of the English novelists is able to repeat from memory every word he has written, and he the white horse of victory will go forth, is the author of many books.

RELIGIOUS READING.

THE BLESSED CHANGE nce I was blind; no che-ring ray Brought light or comfort unto me, I'ill Jesus met me in the way, Touched my dimmed eyes—and now I see.

Once I was poor; an outcast driven, In want and wretchedness; but now, foint-heir with Christ of earth and Heaven, A glorious crown awaits my brow. once, in vile rags, forlorn and bare, I walked, nor cared for better dress;

Clothed in my Saviour's righteousness. Once, fainting on life's weary road, I toiled; hope, strength and courage gone; Now Jesus takes my weighty load, And I with lightened heart speed on.

Now rich and costly robes I wear,

Once, all my days were sad and cold,

The night hours knew my moaning voice;
Now, day and night, with joy untold,
And full of glory, I rejoice.

— New York Observer.

THE APOSTLE PAUL. How possible it is to mix together the How possible it is to mix together the vigor of a masculine and manly intellect with the tenderness and charity which is taught by the gospel of Christ. No man ever breathed so freely when on earth the air and atmosphere of heaven as the Apostle Paul—no man ever soared so high above all prejudices, narrowness, littleness, scruples as he, and yet no man ever bound himself so little to the ignorance, the scruples, the prejudices of his brethren, so that what in other cases was infirmity, imbecility and superstition, gathered around it in his case the pure, high spirit of Christian charity and Christian delicacy.—Robertson.

On the bank of the Niagara river, where the rapids begin to swell and swirl most desperately, preparatory to their final plunge, is a sign-board which bears a most startling legend: "Past redemption point," it reads. To read it, even when one feels the firm soil beneath his feet, sends a shiver of horror through one's soul, as he looks off upon the turbulent waters, and realizes the full significance of the sign. The one who gets into those boiling rapids, and passes that point, cannot retrace his way, cannot that point, earnot be rescued by friends. He is not yet dead, but he might as well be. He must give up all hope of rescue, he can only float on, swiftly and more swiftly, until death ends his suspense and misery.

Redemption point! How many men realize that a life of sin is like a madly flowing streem, gethering more norm, which every.

stream, gathering momentum with every day, and that there is a point beyond which if a man wilfully go, he cannot stop? That there is such a point in our moral history cannot be doubted, and that there is special danger for those who are enlightened and enjoy Gospel privileges, is quite evident. May have passed that point who are dead even while they live. They will be no more dead when they have been sucked down the glassy throat of the final whirlpool than they are at this moment. The awful torrent of sin has them in its relentless, demoniacal grip, and is rapid-ly carrying them beyond redemption point. No sign-board marks the spot, but, sinner, it is somewhere on the road you are travel ing. Not even God can save the soul that commits the sin for which there is no pardon. Up to that point there is—not safe-ty—but hope. The death-line may be near. Be not foolhardy, friend! Stop while you can! Venture no farther. Darkness, despair and death await all who turn not. But there is life for you in Christ today.—Evan.

THE NEED OF REGENERATION.

When Christ said to Nicodemus, "Except when Christ said to Nicodemus, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of heaven," he assumed three facts as the basis of that assertion: First, that the kingdom of God and of heaven is a state of holiness. This is plainly taught throughout the Bible and also finds confirmation in the longuage and intuitions of firmation in the longings and intuitions of

men.
The second fact assumed was that men are sinners. It needs no argument to convince men of this fact, for besides their manifestation of this fact, for brisides their association of suffering with sin, "a manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal," and one of the functions of the Spirit is to convince men

of sin.
These two generally conceded facts—that heaven is a state of holiness and that men are unholy—are sufficient evidence that there must be a change in the moral character of men before they can enter the king-dom of heaven. On these points there is little difference of opinion, and probably there was none between Christ and Nicode mus. But the third fact assumed by the Saviour as a reason for regeneration, that sinners cannot make themselves holy, is not so generally conceded. This Nicodemus, as "a man of the Pharisees," was not ready to The Pharisees fitly represent a large class

of modern moralists, in that both admit the necessity of righteousness, but expect to achieve it without supernatural regenera-tion obtained by faith in Jesus Christ. Their system is radically defective, because the cure it proposes for sin does not reach the seat of the disease. For sin does not consist in acts merely, but in wrong dispositions and purposes of the heart. Morality may improve a man's outward conduct, but it cannot make that wholly good, bebut it cannot make that wholly good, be cause it cannot change the heart from which the acts flow. It cannot make the fruit good because it has no power to make the tree good. It has no power to cleanse the bitter fountain, that the waters flowing from it may be sweet. Morality cannot give deliverance from sin, can never work any radical change in man's moral nature. Only the Spirit of God can do that. When by the exercise of obedient faith in Christ a man is born again, "born of the spirit, there is a most radical change in his nature. He is a new creature in Christ Jesas; is, as Mr. Bushnell says, "new-charactered in God;" and by continued obedience is able through grace given unto him to live a righteous life.

This change is not identical with the

reformation of conduct, the moral improve ment that comes from self-culture. ment that comes from self-culture. When a drunkard reforms, or a blasphemer quits swearing, there is truly a notable and noble step taken toward virtue. But observe carefully that, though the vicious habit has been changed, the man himself is not changed. Down deep in his being is something which gives him his character and rules his life, and that something, call it what you will the self, the will, the heart-is just the same as before. All such changes as this are but as before. All such changes as this are but waves that play upon the surface; they never reach down to the depths of the soul, the living springs of human life. But this is precisely what the Spirit of God does in the regeneration of the soul. It goes to the foundations of character and works the most thorough change possible. Nothing can be under it, or back of it, for it begins at the triple of the pattern where our spirit. on that side of our nature where our spirit

touches the Father of spirits. Thus the inward man himself is changed, not merely his outward conduct; and he comes into a new life, not a fresh growth of the old life. This is the new birth without which no man can enter into the kingdom of God; and, since the best morality that is the result of mere "will works" can never effect this change, it follows that it can never fit the soul for heaven. Therefore the Saviour said, "Ye must be born again," and "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit he cannot enter into the kingdom of God."—Rev. C. H. Zimmerman, in the Inter-

Philosophy has sometimes forgotten God, as a great people never did. The skepticism of the last century did not uproot Christianity, because it lived in the hearts of millions. Do you think that infidelity is spreading? Christianity never lived in the hearts of so meny millions as at the mohearts of so many millions as at this mo-ment.—Bancroft.

A RISHOP'S BURNING WORDS.

The Catholic Church is absolutely and irrevocably opposed to drunkenness and to drunkard making. In vain we profess to work for souls if we do not labor to drive out an evil which is daily begetting sins by the ten thousand and peopling hell. In vain we boast of civilization and liberty if we do not labor to exterminate intemperance. Education, the elevation of the masses, Education, the clevation of the masses, liberty—all that the age admires—is set at naught by the dreadful evil. The individual conscience is the first arm in opposing it, but the individual conscience has to be trengthened and supplemented by law. The claim of the saloon keepers to freedom in their traffic is the claim to spread disease, sin pauperism .- Bishop Ireland at Baltimore.

SABBATH SCHOO

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FO FEBRUARY 16.

Lesson Text: "The Ministry of John," Luke iii., 7-22-Golden Text: Matt. iii., 2-Commentary.

7. "Then said He to the multitude that came forth to be baptized of Him." He had not come forth from the wilderness of His not come forth from the wilderness of His own accord, He did not run without being sent, for the word of God came unto Him in the wilderness (verse 2) and He came forth a His command. We should always be sur that God is calling, and not enter upon any work simply because we think it right to do so; when He putteth forth His own sheep He goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him, for they know His voice (John X., 4).

"O generation of vipers! (R. V., ye offspring of vipers) who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" Matt. iii., 7, says that he addressed these words to the many Pharisees and Sadducees who came to his baptism. They were the religious people of

Pharisees and Sadducees who came to his baptism. They were the religious people of the day, fully described by Jesus in His eight woes in Matt. xxiii., and by the Spirit in Acts xxiii., 8. The religion of the former was all outward, to be seen by men, while their hearts were full of hypocrisy and iniquity. (Matt. xxiii., 28); the latter denied the resurrection and that there were angels or spirits. Jesus called them by the same name as John, and told them that they were children of the and told them that they were children of the devil, the father of lies (John viil., 44).

devil, the father of lies (John viil., 44).

8. "Bring forth, therefore, fruits worthy of repentance." They trusted in the fact that they were descendants of Abraham, and therefore the promises to him were sure to them; they did not see that in order to be true children of Abraham they must believe as he believed and live as he lived. They were like those in our day who think that he as he believed and live as he lived. They were like those in our day who think that because they have been baptized in infancy and in due time confirmed, therefore they are Christians and sure of heaven, no matter how

Christians and sure of heaven, no matter how they live.

9. "Every tree, therefore, which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." Jesus used the very same word in His sermon on the mount (Matt. vii., 19) and taught the same truth in His parable of the barren fig tree (Luke xiii., 6-9). In the creation the word to every living creature was: "Be fruitful and multiply" (Gen. i., 22) 28). To the disciples Jesus, said: "Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit" (John xv., 8).

was: "Be truitul and multiply" (Gen. 1, 22, 28). To the disciples Jesus, said: "Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit" (John xv., 8).

10, 11. "The people (R. V., the multitudes) asked him, saying: "What shall we do, then?" Having heard His words to the religious leaders, the common people ask what message He has for them. They made no boast of their goodness, did not display their religion, perhaps felt that they had none to speak of; they were the working people, and it required all their efforts to earn enough and keep body and soul together; but they had heard the cry to repent, for the kingdom was at hand; they had come to be baptized, and now how can they show their sincerity? The answeris, By doing good with just what they have.

12, 13. "Then came also publicans to be baptized, and said unto Him, Master, what shall we do?" These were the tax collectors, whose temptation, and perhaps custom, was to collect more than the regular tax, so that their own pockets might be well lined. They were apt to be thieves and covetous (I Cor. vi., 10), and for them John has by the Spirit just the right word. Rich Zaccheus, chief among the publicans, seems to acknowledge that he had made a good deal of money in this way, but when Jesus came to his house and heart he brought forth fruits meet for repentance by restoring fourfold to every one whom he had wronged" (Luke xix., 8).

14. "And the soldiers likewise demanded of Him, saying: And what shall we do?" His answer to them is nearly in the words of Micah vi. 8: "Do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God," and reminds us of Paul's words to Tinothy: "Godliness with contentment is great gain; * * * having food and raiment led us be therewith content" (I Tim. vi., 6, 8). So they all got it just as they needed, and we can fancy the looks of each party as they swallowed their own medicine and then watched the others taking theirs.

15. "All men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ or not." Not

own medicine and then watched the others taking theirs.

15. "All men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ or not." Not since the days of Malachi had preaching like this been heard. Those who had read the prophets might truly say, He talks like Elijah and Micah.

16. "One mightier than I cometh, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to

latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to unloose." He clearly gives them to under-stand that he is not the Christ. "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." The water baptism was a symbol of the inward renewal, and a token

of subjection to the One unto whom they were baptized, the King of the coming king-dom, then at hand, but He Himself would dom, then at hand, but He Himself would give them the power to serve Him and purify them from all their dross; and this Malachi had foretold as well as the other prophets (Mal. iii., 1-3; Ezek. xxxvi., 27-29).

17. "Whose fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor, and will gather His wheat into His garner; but the chaff He will burn with fire unquenchable." Had Israel received John as the herald of Christ, and received Christ as their Messiah, the kingdom then at hand would have come to

and received Christ as their messian, the kingdom then at hand would have come to the daughter of Zion, and all this been accomplished; but in Matt. xili., 30, 29-43, Jesus declares that this harvest will not be now till the end of this age; and the reason is found in Matt. xii., 14, where it is said that the Pharisees had determined to kill Him. In Luke xix., 11-19, He most plainly teaches that the kingdom shall not come till Hereturns from the far country.

18. "And many other things in His exhor-

18. "And many other tillings in Instation preached He unto the people," or, as in the Revised Version, "With many other exhortations therefore preached He good tidings unto the people." That the kingdom was at hand, and that all their sins might be forgiven, and they enter into it, was surewas at hand, and they enter into it, was surely good tidings, and would have proved so to the nation had they been meek enough to receive the tidings and Him who brought them.

19, 20. "But Herod the tetrarch, * * * added yet this above all, that he shut up John in prison." Had John not reproved Herod he might have escaped the prison. Had he not taken such a decided stand against evil, and so fearlessly rebuked it even in high places, he would have made it easier for himself. But John was set for the misternace of righteousness and the overthrow of injouity, and was willing for his Master's

for himself. But John was settly the tenance of righteousness and the overthrow of iniquity, and was willing for his Master's sake to walk in the footsteps of, the prophets (II Chron. xvi., 10 xviii., 20).
21. "Jesus also being baptized, and praying the Heaven was opened." We step back now in the record to the greatest event in all John's baptizing. According to Matthew and Mark, it came to pass in those days that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee to Jordan unto John to be baptized of him. John at first refused, feeling unworthy to baptize such an one, but Jesus persuaded and John consented; then, as Jesus came up out of the water the heavens were opened. Luke is the only one who records His praying at this time, and this is one of seven different occasions on which He is spoken of as praying. Cheat decended in a

spoken of as praying.
22. "And the Holy Ghost descended in a Holy Ghos bodily shape like a dove upon Him." He is the true ark in whom alone the Spirit finds a perfect resting place, reminding us of Noah's dove returning to the ark, while the raven, unclean DITG, could Tind a resting place of any dead carcass. He is the only refuge from coming indement.

from coming judgment.
"And a voice came from heaven, which said: Thou art My beloved Son; in Thee I am well pleased." At the transfiguration the same voice said the same words. If we are well pleased with Jesus, then God will be well pleased with us for His sake.—Lesson

It is sometimes said that the branches of very old trees are, properly speaking, roots, and that if planted upside down the trees would flourish. Herr Kny, a German botanist, has recently investigated the matter by planting vines and ivy with both ends in the ground, and subsequently cutting them at the arch. The experiments were fairly successful, though not in every instance, and Kerr Kny intends to continue them with other plants and trees, such as willows, poplar

WITH a record of having buri persons, George L. Moore, undertaker of Guthrieville County, Pa., has at last been the sod himself.